Fits Like a Glove

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Fits Like a Glove

by Ghostwriter98

Summary

Will Graham keeps receiving strange and enchanted gifts on his front doorstep from a rather smitten warlock. It’s very annoying.

Day 1: Hannibal

Chapter Notes

> Okay, since my first sci fi fanfic didn't go too bad, I thought I'd branch out of my comfort zone again, only this time with some fantasy. Hope you like it!
>
> IMPORTANT - I know Abigail and Garret don't live in Wolf Trap but I wanted to mention them so let's just say they have a holiday house there. Also, keep an eye on the chapter headings for this fic. They tell the passage of time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had been a complete and utter coincidence that led to Hannibal Lecter first spotting Will Graham one snowy evening. Though the warlock would argue it was fate, woven into the stars decades in advance. The truth was that Hannibal had been experimenting with some rather illegal ingredients (unicorn horns, angel tears, the usual) to create some spells that most would consider…a little unorthodox. His test subject, a bumbling fool who went by the name of Franklyn, experienced some ill side effects and promptly dropped to the floor in a convulsing, frothing heap. All in all, Hannibal considered it a great success, especially when after five minutes of jolted sobs, the man's heart had stopped. Really, Franklyn couldn't complain. The man had said he was tired of feeling alone, and Hannibal had made it so that he wouldn't feel anything anymore and all in a matter of minutes of Franklyn entering his shop. The concoction itself was genius. It was a clear substance that absorbed quickly into the skin. A poison that did not have to be administered via food or drinks, leaving Hannibal's dinners unspoiled. And, as it was a brewed potion, it left no residual magic that could be traced back to him like wand magic.

After Franklyn had died, Hannibal bundled the corpse into a plastic sheet and transported himself to a vacated snowy woodland area. It was new territory. Hannibal tried to avoid keeping all his kills in one location. He would later discover that this particular area was called Wolf Trap Virginia. Hannibal spent the next couple hours digging a hole in the frozen ground. Sure, Hannibal could have used his magical abilities and he did to an extent to soften the ground, but Hannibal always used physical labor when the opportunity presented itself. He was a firm believer that one should keep themselves in shape and often did pushups and sit ups to strengthen his arms and stomach muscles. Magic was wonderful but could be tiring and required a recuperation time depending on the intensity of the spell. It was always wise to be able to physically defend oneself as well as magically.

Hannibal wiped off the sweat that had gathered on his forehead when he finished his labours. He then nudged Franklyn inside the hole and covered him with dirt. He was just smoothing out the mound with additional snow when a twig broke behind him. Hannibal quickly ducked behind a tree where he blended into his surroundings. Seconds later a medium sized brown dog bounded over and sniffed at Hannibal's footprints. He barked and seconds later his larger

companion followed. It was a man. His face was littered with soft facial hair and his hair was curly and long much like a dog.

“Winston, what is it, boy?” The man tugged his coat tighter around his body.

Winston barked and his tail wagged excitedly as he sniffed at the footprint.

“Yep. That’s an interesting species you’ve uncovered there.” The man crouched down and appraised the shoe imprint with a smirk. “Especially rare given the isolated habitat. Maybe we have new neighbors that you could exploit with those puppy dog eyes of yours.” Winston’s head snapped towards his owner and he gave Winston a look. “Yeah, I know all about you sneaking over to Garrett’s after a deer hunt and doing that little routine with Abigail so she feeds you the left over scraps. I don’t know where you got that charming act from. Certainly not me.” The man leaned down and patted Winston’s head. “Maybe you could teach me a thing or too, huh? I could use it.”

Hannibal leaned closer at the self depreciating words. This man was by no means unattractive with big blue eyes and an angular face. He seemed to be in shape too, though it was hard to tell with the large, oversized coat he had on. Hannibal moved a little closer to get a better look and his shoulder brushed against the bark of the tree with a slight scrap.

Winston’s ears twitched.

“What do you say we head back now, boy? It's cold out and all this blinding white is giving me a headache. It’s like we’re inside a marble tomb.”

Winston ignored his owner, instead snuffling closer towards Hannibal. The warlock frantically scanned through his mental list of spells for one on animal repulsion. He could always transport himself back home, but then he’d lose sight of this man who lived the life of a loner but obviously craved company. A man who saw dark beauty in the world and yet did not know magic. A man of contradictions. He was interesting and it had been so very long since someone had truly interested Hannibal.

The man in question sighed. “What is it your looking at now?”

Hannibal froze, thinking for a minute he had been caught, but it was Winston that had been addressed. The dog barked and bounded over to the spot Hannibal had just buried Franklyn. Hannibal chanted silent spells and when that didn’t work to deter the dog, he glowered at the creature. It was as if Winston was immune to magic. Winston started pawning at the ground faster as though incensed by Hannibal. The snow parted, revealing the newly shoveled dirt. Winston sat on his haunches and then stared at the place Hannibal hid with accusation. Hannibal glared back. Oh, if looks could only kill.

“What’s that?” The man squatted down next to Winston. “Kind of looks like a freshly dug grave, but that can’t be right. It’s not body burying weather. The ground’s too hard for that.”

And just like that Hannibal went from interested to obsessed.

“Shit, I got snow in my gloves. Come on, Winston, let’s go home. My fingers are too cold. You don’t want them to fall off, do you?” The man wiggled the appendages in question and Hannibal frowned at the visible holes in the gloves. “I need these for important things, you know. Tying flies, opening whisky bottles,” Winston remained uninterested, “making dog food.”

The dog perked up at that word.

The man laughed lowly. “Thought that would work. Come on, let’s go. Before that person comes back and finds a crazy man asking his dog for social advice or, even worse, my ass freezes off.”

Hannibal thought that would be very unfortunate indeed. Especially when the man turned around and one particularly long stride caused his pants to tighten just so, illuminating a very lovely backside.

Chapter End Notes

Until the next chapter... which is all about how Will feels about his new admirer.

Day 2: Will

Chapter Notes

Italics refers to Hannibal's written letter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Will Graham stepped outside his house the next day, his feet landed on something soft. Glancing down, he noticed a small brown package by his front door. Huh, he didn't remember ordering anything online. He looked around suspiciously. Then he picked up the package, went back inside and tore it open. Two knitted crimson gloves fell into his palm along with a note in elegant cursive. It became very clear very quickly that this was a gift of all things. That was new. Will wasn't really the gift receiving type. Mostly because he wasn't the people talking type and people didn't give gifts to people they didn't talk to.

Will went through the very short list of people it could be from in his head and their motivations. Maybe it was Jack trying to butter Will up into becoming his criminal profiler? Or perhaps Alana had changed her mind about being just friends? It could always be from Beverly because Beverly was awesome like that.

Will opened the note and squinted at it. It turned out it was from none of them. He read on.

Dearest, Will. Forgive me if this is being forward, but I couldn't help but overhear your conversation with your furry companion.

Will snorted to himself, "Furry companion? How proper."

I find you very charming as you are and would advise you not to take social cues from your dog who, while perfectly adorable, seems to be the type to, pardon the pun, sniff around other people's business. An exceedingly rude thing to do.

"Wait, he was listening to us in the woods? What is he, a stalker?" Will asked Winston. Winston nodded his head.

I would love to become further acquainted. As for the gloves, consider them a gift. I wholeheartedly agree with your earlier statement regarding your fingers needing protection from the cold. They're so lovely. I would loathe to see anything happen to them.

"That sounds like a threat. Winston, does that sound like a threat to you?" Will asked. Winston barked once in confirmation.

I look forward to hearing from you. Sincerely , your most ardent admirer.

The letter was accompanied by a business card and phone number. It read: *Hannibal Lecter: Baltimore's Finest Brewer.*

"I don't know about this, Winston. I've got a bad feeling about this Hannibal guy. But these gloves are so nice. And brewer sounds like he makes beer and, you know, free beer." Will shrugged and put the gloves on, squinting down at his hands encased in perfection. "God, these feel nice and expensive. Is expensive a feeling? I guess it wouldn't hurt to thank the man."

Winston whined, flopping onto the ground in defeat.

Suddenly, Will's glove encased fingers twitched as though they had a mind of their own.

"What the hell?"

They made a dive for his mobile in his pocket.

"Stop that, bad hands," Will scolded and flopped onto his couch, trying to sit on them. His right hand wriggled free as if possessed and scuttled like a spider for his phone. It quickly punched ten numbers in quick succession.

"Now wait a minute."

His hand thrusted the phone at his ear with enough force to sock him one. "Ow!"

The first words he heard when the ringing stopped was, "Hello, Will."

"How did you know it was me? How do you even know my name?" Will spluttered.

"I have been expecting your call," the unfamiliar voice said, not answering the second and arguably more important question.

"Right, you must be Hannibal then," Will said wryly. "This is crazy. I don't know who you are and you're already giving me gifts. I mean, I haven't even seen your face."

"That can be amended. How does dinner sound?"

"Terrifying."

"Excellent," Hannibal sounded pleased. "I will pick you up at seven sharp this upcoming Sunday. Please be ready on time. To keep me waiting would be rude."

There was something there. Some unspoken threat that lingered. It was quiet for a moment and Will was worried that Hannibal was about to hang up.

"Hannibal, wait!" Will rushed out. He should probably ask — no, *demand* to know how Hannibal knew his address or how he made Will call him or what he was doing in the middle of Wolf Trap yesterday when he worked in Baltimore. There were so many important questions that needed answers and now was the time to ask them, but when Hannibal said, "Yes, Will?"

Will’s response was “Thank you for the gloves” of all things.

“Of course. It was a pleasure making them for you. Oh, do be a dear and check your front door.”

“Hannibal!”

“Please let me know if they are the right size so I know for future expenditures. Goodbye, William.”

“Future expenditures?” Will repeated faintly. “Hannibal, no, no more.”

But the bastard had already hung up. Will groaned and dragged his feet over to his front door. Sure enough, there innocently lay another package. This one was distinctly larger than the last. It rose and fell softly, as though something was breathing inside.

Will sighed and turned to his dog. “This, Winston, is why I don’t do people.”

Winston covered his face with his paw and huffed. He’d tried his best.

Chapter End Notes

What do you all reckon Hannibal's second gift is?

Day 7: Hannibal (part 1)

Chapter Notes

> So I really thought the last chapter would be the end of me feeling out this idea, but seeing all the people wanting more content I thought I'd try to write some more. Fast forward a couple of hours and I had to divide the next chapter in half because it was more words than the first two combined! So here's part one. I hope you all like it :).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sunday had come around. Tonight would be their first romantic outing. The first time Will would see Hannibal, truly see him. A good thing too for Hannibal scrubbed up mighty fine, if he did say so himself. He took one more look at himself in his full-length mirror, straightening his paisley tie. The suit was a very light blue and while some might call it a baby blue, Hannibal would never refer to as such. It was the blue of the sky on a spring afternoon. Spring afternoons were inviting and beautiful and people liked to marvel at them. Hannibal hoped very much that Will wanted to marvel at him.

He had dinner booked for 8 at The Stag's Prey, a well renowned restaurant and while it paled in comparison to his cooking, it would do. After all, it would not do to spoil Will just yet. He would save the best qualities of himself for when Will could better appreciate his talents.

At ten to seven, Hannibal pulled up to Will's house in his Bentley. The thought of apparating had crossed his mind, but he was certain Will would not take kindly to him magically appearing in his living room, or better yet, his bedroom.

Hannibal took a moment to take in Will's home. Just like the first time he had spotted the two-story house nestled in the trees, Hannibal was enchanted. The lights within were on and it glowed like a solitary boat on the waves, forever moored apart from humanity. So alike he and Will were, though Will didn't know it yet. Together they would take on the world like Achilles and Patroclus. And if Will needed a little push in the right direction, well, Hannibal wasn't above manipulations of the magical kind. He patted his breast pocket to make sure he still had the small glass vial. Another gift for Will, though, Hannibal had to admit, this one was arguably more for his benefit.

Hannibal leisurely strolled up the driveway to the front door with flowers in his hand. A bundle of Sweet Williams. He wondered if Will knew much about flowers or would get the reference. He checked his watch. Ah, just on time. He wouldn't want to rush Will if he were still getting ready. Hannibal imagined Will then, squinting over his clothes with a critical eye, raising different shirts up to his chest in the mirror to see which better went with his eyes. Taking his time just as Hannibal did, wanting to *impress* Hannibal. The warlock began to feel his face warm and quickly knocked on the door to distract himself from his musings. By the time the door swung inward, Hannibal had calmed himself.

“Hello, Will. I —” Hannibal paused, staring at the man in grey sweatpants and a holey sweatshirt.

“Oh, it’s you,” Will scowled, eyes roving over his suit jacket and tie. “And you look just like I expected too.”

“Do you know what day and time it is, William?” Hannibal said in a voice that was soft but no less menacing.

“Uh, Saturday?”

“It is Sunday, Will. We have a date.”

“Oh, yeah, right. Look, I’m sorry,” Will said awkwardly, pushing back his curls which, Hannibal noted, were wet. “It’s been a rough day at work.”

“It’s the weekend,” Hannibal said sharply.

“Yeah, well, no rest for the wicked.” Will frowned. “You know its Valentine’s day, right?”

The nerve of this boy! “I was aware when I asked for your company on this specific day, Will.”

“Well, you know who else knows? Apparently half the city’s serial killing populace and they just love to show off their *skills.* Bodies twisted into hearts, couples with the skin flayed from their backs like wings so they’re just like cupid, fucking flower bouquets stuffed into the stomachs of men. My first week on the job and I get lumped with this shit.”

Hannibal blinked. “I was not aware that these things were happening.”

Will scrubbed at his eyes. “Yeah, well, being a criminal profiler makes it pretty hard to ignore. Look, I probably won’t be very good company tonight. I’ve got a killer,” his mouth twisted at this and Hannibal ticked off dark humor as another of Will’s beguiling traits, “headache and I feel really drained. I shouldn’t be out in public I’d be…”

Rude, Hannibal finished mentally and never before had that been appealing but Will was irresistible in everything he did.

“I suppose we could reschedule,” Hannibal said slowly.

Will breathed a sigh of relief. “Thanks. I really appreciate it.”

“But I did come all this way, Will, and I am terribly parched. Could I trouble you for a drink first?”

“Yeah, sure,” Will said reluctantly and waved him in. Hannibal walked past him, the flower bouquet brushing Will’s hand as he did so.

Will jumped and glanced down.

“Are those flowers?” he asked incredulously.

Hannibal simply said, “For you,” because the more romantic aspect of the evening had been well and truly ruined.

Will sheepishly took them. “Again, I’m really sorry. And, uh, thanks for the flowers. I’ll put them in a vase or something.”

“While you do that, I will cancel our reservation.”

After that was done, Hannibal made his way to the lounge room. Winston’s ears pricked from where he was resting in his dog bed. When he spotted Hannibal, he jumped to his feet and growled at him.

“Winston!” Will tutted sharply from the kitchen. “Be good!”

Winston’s growl guttered to a stop, but his teeth remained barred in warning.

Will frowned. “I don’t know what’s gotten into him. He’s usually very well behaved.”

“Yes, well,” Hannibal sniffed.

“What would you like?”

Hannibal gestured to the coffee table where an empty glass sat. “What were you having?”

“Whisky. You want some?”

Hannibal kept his grimace internal. He did not, but if he showed a similar taste in beverages to Will, then it might make Will more partial to him. Besides whisky was strong tasting and the burn would mask his potion.

“Yes, please.”

Will knocked around the cupboards, putting the flowers in a tall jug half filled with water. He then took out only one drinking glass and filled it before putting the bottle of whisky away. Hannibal came close to watch him.

“Are you not joining me, Will?” Hannibal asked.

Will paused. “I’ve already had a few drinks tonight.”

“Oh, I see,” Hannibal looked down at his hands, feigning disappointment.

“Alright,” Will grumbled, pouring himself a new glass. He noticed Hannibal hovering near him and said, gesturing in the vague direction of his sofa. “Well, don’t just stand there. Take a seat.”

Hannibal took the flowers with him and sat down. While Will was preoccupied, Hannibal arranged them. He then picked up a nearby plate and placed it on the coffee table for their

drinks. Someone had to protect the wood from ring marks and Hannibal doubted it would be Will. Hannibal grimaced and tried not to think about whether the plate was clean. Instead, he focused on the good company. Just then Will came back. He met Hannibal's eyes shyly as he took a seat beside him.

Hannibal raised his glass for a toast, the honey brown liquid sloshing in his glass.

"To whisky," Will said awkwardly, "and forgetting."

"To love," Hannibal countered, "and the future."

Will blushed then, a lovely shade of red that spread down his neck. Will took a great gulp, probably to steady his nerves, and Hannibal watched fondly while he sipped at his own drink. The warlock was just wondering whether the potion was really needed at all, they were getting along wonderfully — when the doorbell rang.

Will gave Hannibal an apologetic look. "Sorry. I'll get that."

"It's a bit late for visitors," Hannibal commented.

"Well, that didn't stop you, did it?" Will snapped. Then he closed his eyes and rubbed at his temples. "Sorry, sorry. It's the headache and the booze. Fuck. I'll just go now."

Hannibal was not soothed by Will's apology. If anything, he was incensed. Swirling his whisky, he contemplated whether this late-night visitor was another paramour of Will's. It simply wouldn't do. Immediately Hannibal's thoughts drifted to his most recent creation. It had worked wonders on Franklyn, why not on this mystery guest?

He listened closely. The front door creaked open and the sound was followed by a soft female voice. A familiar one too. Hannibal's eyebrows raised.

"Alana, what are you doing here?" Will asked bluntly, then quickly rushed out. "Not that it isn't great to see you! It's just – unusual to see you here," he tacked on. "At my house."

There was something so charming about his awkward mannerisms.

Alana seemed similarly charmed because she said in a warm voice. "I came to check on you. Jack told me you had a break down at a crime scene."

"I'm okay, really," Will said quickly.

"Is this a bad time?" Alana asked.

"Uh, no, no it's a great time."

"I saw another car out there. Am I interrupting something?" Alana clarified.

Yes, Hannibal thought viciously. *Say yes, Will.*

“No, I just have a visitor?” Will framed it like a question. “But I’m sure he won’t mind if you join us for a drink. Come. Come in.”

Hannibal’s lip twitched irritably. It had taken a considerable amount of convincing to have Will offer him a drink and now he was just gifting one to Alana. That made his mind up. Hannibal pulled the vial from his pocket and shook it, mixing the potion well. The slightly red liquid glittered. He then emptied it into Will’s glass and sat back.

Will returned with another glass of whisky in hand for Alana. This one was a little fuller than theirs. Hannibal thought it was rather rude that Will was making his favoritism for Alana so apparent especially on their first date.

“Uh, Hannibal, this is Alana. Alana, this is Hannibal,” Will introduced them.

“I know. We’ve met before.” Alana smiled.

Will turned to her. “Really? I never took you for a beer kind of girl.”

Alana blinked. “What do you mean? What beer?”

Hannibal shook his head imperceptibly at her, then explained, “Alana has had the good fortune to be invited to one of my exclusive dinner parties. If you are good, you may receive an invite too.”

Will gave him a cutting look. Just then Winston came bounding over, tail wagging excitedly. He jumped up onto Alana and licked her face.

Alana laughed, a light tinkly thing, and patted at his sides. At the sight of the two of them getting along, Will’s eyes warmed. Winston’s body turned in a deliberate motion then, until his rump was facing the table. His tail wagged faster until it hit the jug with a thump, knocking over Hannibal’s flowers. The glass shattered on the floor and water pooled. The Sweet Williams lay dank and wet and ultimately unimpressed with their rough treatment.

“Winston!” Will chastised, bending down to pick up the glass. He got up to put it in the bin. Alana placed down her drink with theirs and ran off to find something to soak up the water. While the two of them were distracted, Winston stared Hannibal down. He stalked closer and closer until he was so close that Hannibal could feel his rancid breath on his face. The warlock was sure he was about to be mauled. Suddenly, Winston moved back, his teeth latched onto the plate with the drinks and he pulled, turning it around.

“No!” Hannibal hissed. “Stop that, imprudent dog.”

But Winston wouldn’t be swayed and growled when Hannibal came close, snapping at his fingers. By the time Will had returned with a dustpan, Winston had bounded off.

“You’re not having trouble with Winston, are you?” Will asked, as he swept up the rest of the mess.

Yes, Hannibal wanted to say, but he remembered the soft way Will had looked at Alana as she pet the insufferable creature. “I think he’s coming around to me.”

“Ah, good,” Will said and smiled at him. Hannibal’s entire world narrowed down onto that smile. He didn’t even notice Alana return and finish soaking up the water on the floor, didn’t even notice her get up and raise a whisky glass until she had taken a big gulp and by then it was too late.

“Oh, Hannibal,” Alana drawled out. Hannibal realized his mistake then. Winston had changed the position of the glasses which meant Alana was now drinking from Will’s glass. The glass he had filled with a love potion.

Chapter End Notes

Mystery gift from last chapter will be revealed next chapter. Too much wanted to happen this chapter and I couldn't squeeze it in.

Day 7: Hannibal (part 2)

Chapter Notes

> Previously:
> “Oh, Hannibal,” Alana drawled out. Hannibal realized his mistake then. Winston had changed the position of the glasses which meant Alana was now drinking from Will’s glass. The glass he had filled with a love potion.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alana leaned closer to Hannibal, her arm trailing up his sleeve. “How handsome you look tonight.”

Hannibal cleared his throat and scooted inconspicuously away. “Why, thank you, Alana.”

Winston looked mighty pleased with himself all but holding back a wolfish grin, but it was not he that Hannibal was interested in. Hannibal hazarded a glance in Will’s direction and he looked guttered, but for all the wrong reasons. Hannibal swallowed down a sneer.

Alana too glanced at Will. “Will, you have no idea how unbelievably lucky you are.”

Of course, Alana had noticed his affections for Will; with her keen perception and her training in psychiatry, how could she not?

Will shifted uncomfortably and looked at Hannibal. “Uh, I think she might have had a little too much to drink.”

“It’s not the whisky. It’s always like this. It always feels like this,” Alana slurred.

And that further complicated matters. Really, love potion was not an apt name for what she had ingested. It was more of a charming potion. It made those who drunk it lower their defenses. In Will’s case, it would have made him less surly and more prone to blushing. He would not have fallen in love with Hannibal, but he would have been more open to the idea of it. However, if someone who already harbored romantic notions took the potion, well, their lowered guard could make quite the awkward situation.

“Oh, uh,” Will said, eyes focused on his hands. “I think I’ll just let you guys,” he trailed off, gesturing between the two of them. “Yeah.”

Will all but ran out of the room. He was followed by Winston who was happily trotting about like he was in a field of daisies. Hannibal watched him go, Will that is, or more accurately, he stared at Will’s backside and lamented the loose-fitting nature of the tracksuit pants. While he was distracted, Alana had sidled up to him and was now pawning at his chest.

“Hannibaaaal,” she said, drawing out his name. “Does it feel like this for you too?”

Hannibal gathered her hands up in his. “Alana, you are an esteemed friend of mine, but only that, do you understand?”

Her eyes, big and wide, stared at him and grew watery.

“Now, now, none of that,” he shushed her quickly. He didn’t want Will to think him a brute. “All will be well soon,” he said for it was true. The potion should wear off in a week or so.

“But I love you,” she exclaimed quite loudly. In the other room there was a thud and a muffled curse.

Hannibal winced. “Alana, listen to me, my dear.” He drew her close and whispered in her ear, “If you love me as you so claim, leave Will Graham for me, yes? He will make me so unbearably happy. You want me to be happy, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she breathed. “Yes, Hannibal. More than anything.”

“Then you will help me woo him?”

“Of course.”

“Very good,” Hannibal purred. He looked down at his watch. “It is rather late, isn’t it, Alana? You really should be going.”

“Oh, yes,” Alana repeated. “I should be going.”

She stood up and stumbled into the kitchen.

Winston let out a worried whimper, nosing at her hand. He must have smelt the potion on her.

“Will,” Alana said. “I have to go now.”

Will frowned. “But you just got here. Besides, don’t you think you’re a little too drunk to be driving?”

Hannibal thought this was a good time to interject. “She only had one drink, Will.”

“And I must be going,” Alana said. “I must, I must, I must.”

And she rushed for the front door, flung it open, and fled into the night for her car.

Will closed the door behind her, shaking his head to himself. While he was distracted, Hannibal quickly conjured up a bone and threw it into the kitchen. It hit the tiles with a clatter which was followed by an intrigued rumble. That should keep the pest occupied. Hannibal smiled slightly as Will came back over and sat down next to him, closer than before.

“That was really weird,” Will said, his mouth pinched tight and his brows drawn together.

Hannibal moved towards Will and touched his chin, tilting it up. Will startled, meeting Hannibal's eyes properly for the first time that night.

"You wear jealously so beautifully, Will. If only you wore it for me," Hannibal whispered in the small space between them.

"You should be with Alana," Will said suddenly. "You'd be a much better couple than us." And whether by *us* Will was talking about the two men together, or Will and Alana together, Hannibal could not say. "She dresses nice, she's smart, she wants you."

"But what about what I want, Will?" Hannibal said.

"What do you want?"

"You."

"Hannibal," Will spluttered. "You don't even know me."

"I know enough. I know you have a dog with an appalling sense of manners." Will opened his mouth to argue which Hannibal quickly halted with a raised hand. "I know in your mind dark shadows lurk. I know you live an isolated life because you prefer that to the company of others."

"Yeah, you're right about that last part. Very few friends of mine even know where I live. Speaking of, how did *you* know where I lived?" Will asked.

"I followed you home," Hannibal admitted.

"Hannibal, that's a little creepy."

"You find it utterly romantic," Hannibal purred.

Will shook his head. "No, I find it very creepy. And my name. How did you know my name?"

"Your mail. It was addressed to your full name."

"So you went through my letter box too?" Will said disbelievingly. "Hannibal, what you're doing is stalking. You know that, right?"

"I prefer admiring from afar."

"I work for the FBI. I know all about the laws you're breaking," Will warned.

Not all, not the magical ones, Hannibal thought and said. "But is it really a crime, if it is for love?"

"Yes, it still is," Will said exasperatedly.

"Well, are you going to report me?"

“No,” Will grumbled. “You’re right that I don’t like being around a lot of people and the road to justice is filled with just that, a lot of people and a lot of talking.”

“Well, it seems that we’re at an impasse. Perhaps we should move onto more pleasant conversation matter?” Hannibal thought for a moment. “Tell me, Will. Did you appreciate the gift I left you last week on your doorstep?” He gave a pointed glance at Will’s legs. “I see that you are not wearing them. Did they not please you?”

“Hannibal,” Will said. “You gave me sentient pants.”

“They are not sentient. They move only to mold and better sculpt to your body for a tighter and arguably more flattering fit.”

“They were *breathing* pants.”

“I assure you, they have no consciousness.”

As if I would allow anything that lived to touch Will so intimately, Hannibal thought to himself.

“Where do you even buy something like that?” Will asked.

“You would be surprised by the wonders one finds online,” Hannibal replied, a smirk in his voice. He then stood up. “Well, I suppose you have had an eventful day and night. I would not wish to overstay my welcome.”

They walked to the front door.

“Don’t forget, Will. Dinner next Sunday. I will not be so tolerant if you forget our date a second time,” Hannibal warned.

“Alright, yeah, can you remind me though?”

“Remind you?” Hannibal repeated.

“Just send me a text earlier in the day. Something like, your ardent stalker would like to remind you that we have dinner at 7.”

“What a humorous boy you are, Will,” Hannibal said, not a trace of amusement in his tone.

Will shrugged. “I try. See you then, I guess.”

He was about to close the door in Hannibal’s face when a hand stopped him.

“Apologies, Will. I have yet to say goodbye.”

“Yeah, well, make it quick.”

Hannibal leaned forward and pressed a kiss to Will’s cheek. “Goodnight, my darling. Sweet dreams.”

Will just stared open mouthed as Hannibal got into his car. Hannibal noted with a quick glance at his side mirror, that Will was still staring as he drove away. Will, the dear, was so easily shocked. Hannibal could only wonder what his response would be to magic the first time he saw it. He would most likely faint which wouldn't be so bad, Hannibal mused, it would give him an excuse to hold Will in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

As promised, the second gift has been revealed. Some of you actually guessed it!

Day 8 – 12: Will

Chapter Notes

> This next chapter spans the entire working week for Will. First section is Monday, second is Wednesday and the last two are Friday.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will had hardly slept last night, tossing and turning not from grotesque nightmares of the dead as was his usual problem but from sheer bafflement. He'd drunk whisky a lot in his life and with a variety of different people; his father, strangers in the bar, Jack after a good close on a case. He'd even gotten black out drunk which was when crazy shit was supposed to happen and yet nothing had come close to being as crazy as what had happened last night. Winston breaking things when he was usually such a well behaved dog. A man bringing Will flowers to his front door for their *date.* Alana showing up at his house and then fleeing for her car at break neck speed fifteen minutes later. It was like some sort of alternate reality. Hannibal was weird, sure, but Alana had been even weirder (if that was even possible?). Something was definitely going on and Will was going to get to the bottom of it starting with Alana.

“Alana!” Will called out as he hurried down the corridor to catch up with the woman in question. She had just left her office and was balancing precariously in one hand a coffee and her lecture notes in the other.

“Will!” She turned to greet him with a smile, not one to be brought down by Monday blues.

“How are you? You didn’t seem like yourself yesterday,” Will asked anxiously.

Alana’s mouth opened then closed. Her eyes became glassy and vacant almost like a dolls. “I’m great. You know who else is great? Hannibal.”

“What?” Will asked with confusion. “I’m not asking about how Hannibal is. I’m asking about how you are.”

“Oh, me?” She waved herself off. “I’m fine.” She hastily elaborated, “but not like *fine*,” she said with saucy emphasis, drawing out the words, “Just feeling fine, as in okay. Now Hannibal. He is *fine*.” She wiggled her eyebrows. “A catch, he is. You should be all over that. You fisherman, you, Will,” she said awkwardly, giving his shoulder a light pat.

Will’s brows furrowed. “Alana, are you sure you’re feeling okay?”

“Me? Sure. I’m great. Wonderful even,” Alana said, blinking way too much to be normal. “But you know who is even more wonderful —”

“Hannibal, yes, I get it,” Will interrupted irritably.

She beamed brightly at him. “You do, don’t you? You should go on another date with him.”

“What?” Will spluttered.

“A date with Hannibal,” Alana repeated.

“Why?”

“Because he’s so great and wonderful, silly. In fact, you should call him right now. I’ll stand here for moral support,” she said, standing completely still like a statue. She was really starting to creep him out.

“Alana, I don’t need you —”

“I know and it’s okay, Will. I understand.”

“No,” Will said. “I really think you don’t.”

He had an awful feeling in his gut that Hannibal was somehow behind Alana’s personality change and he didn’t like it. It felt more nefarious than her merely playing wing woman though. It was like something had come over her, like a spell had been woven. Will added insidiously charming and manipulative to his list of reasons to distrust his stalker.

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Will turned to address his class. The students were almost completely cast in darkness with only the faint light from the projector illuminating their disturbed faces. One student in the back looked close to puking. Will frowned. His Wednesday afternoon class was full of first years. They were still a bit squeamish when it came to murder but time and experience would beat that out of them.

Will turned back to the photograph projected onto the wall in all its gory detail. Cassie’s body was impaled on a rack of antlers. Blood oozed down her sides reminding Will of raspberry frosting dripping down a vanilla cake. Weirdly enough, it was making him hungry.

“This Copy Cat killer,” Will said slowly, “is not like Garret. His recreation is not focused on honor and love. He is an artist and they are his clay. His sole purpose is to elevate them to works of art.”

“Hannibal!” A voice cheered from the far back.

Will froze, his eyebrows rising.

“I’m sorry, what was that?” Will asked incredulously. Maybe he was hearing things? Lord knows the man had intruded on his time, house and life, why not add mind to the mix?

“HANNIBAL!” the person repeated loudly, and this time Will recognized the voice immediately.

“What are you doing here, Alana?” Will asked exasperatedly.

There was a murmur of confusion among the students.

“I came to watch your lecture,” Alana answered.

“And seeing the corpse of Cassie Boyle made you feel the irrational urge to call out the name of a mutual acquaintance of ours?” Will paused and asked hopefully. “Do you think Hannibal is her murderer?” Because the man would surely leave him alone if he was behind bars.

“Oh no!” Alana said aghast. “I only heard the words artist and work of art and immediately thought of Hannibal!”

Will sighed and looked skyward. “I know I’m going to regret asking this… but are you saying Hannibal is an artist or that he himself is a work of art?”

Alana paused, pondering intensely, then said cheerfully. “Both!”

That really got the students talking. The room erupted into whispers.

“Enough!” Will ordered. “Back to the Copycat Killer.”

He looked at the photograph again, but he couldn’t get Hannibal off his mind. If Hannibal really was artistic, then he might fit the profile for the Copycat Killer. Not to mention his habit of dwelling around forests in the late evening and stalking unsuspecting people definitely screamed serial killer.

Will filed that away for later thought.

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Will settled down at the table outside the FBI training academy, his hands wrapped securely around his lunch. He glanced furtively around. He usually ate indoors on his lunch break, specifically in his office, but Alana knew to look for him there and had done so for the past four days. Don’t get him wrong, he liked Alana. A lot. But all this going on about Hannibal was driving him up the wall. Will sighed and relaxed, unwrapping his lunch. The cold chicken sandwich wasn’t the most appealing thing, the cook had heaped way too much mayonnaise and it had made the bread soggy, but it was nourishment and that was all Will could really ask for. He opened his mouth, about to take a big bite when —

“What are you eating there, Will?” Alana asked, jumping into the seat beside him.

Will eyed her suspiciously.

“Sandwich,” he said slowly.

“Nice, I’ve got a salad.” She raised her plastic tub and shook it lightly. The green leaves inside fluttered.

“Looks…healthy,” Will replied cautiously.

“It’s alright. I’ve had better food.” She paused and Will held his breath. “Just last week I had lunch at Hannibal's and he made me the most deli —”

“And there is it is,” Will grumbled.

“There’s what?” Alana asked confusedly.

Will ignored her question and said instead, “Let’s play a game, Alana.”

“A game?”

“Yes, you’re not allowed to say Hannibal’s name for,” Will checked his watch to see how long he had until his break was over, “the next twenty minutes.”

“Alright,” she said hesitantly and fidgeted with her fork. She stabbed at some lettuce leaves and munched on them absentmindedly. She twitched again, becoming more restless. The silence lasted ten minutes.

“So there’s this guy —” Alana started.

“Nope!” Will interrupted, already gathering his waste and making for the bin.

“Wait, here me out!” Alana pleaded, grabbing onto his arm.

Will looked down at her hand, carefully manicured and beautiful and touching him.

“Alright,” he said reluctantly.

“There’s this guy I know. He’s really great but he’s all alone and for good reason. He deserves someone really special. And he’s got this,” Alana paused, searching for the right word, “magical quality about him.”

“Uh huh,” Will said, unimpressed.

She gave him the side eye. “And he may make beer on the side which I know you love.”

That got Will’s attention. “Wait, what do you mean by *may?”*

“Well, he’s got this basement and though I’ve never seen what’s in it, you mentioned beer making and that makes sense.”

“Makes sense?” Will repeated faintly. Giant blaring alarm bells were ringing in Will’s mind.

“Well, what else would he use a basement for if not to store and make drinks?” Alana asked with a laugh.

Will grimaced. He had a few ideas in mind.

----:----

When Will came home that Friday after a long day at work, he didn’t shuck off his clothes, collapse face first onto the sofa and scream into the cushions as he usually did. Instead, he headed straight for Winston’s dog bed, bent down and stroked Winston’s sleeping head.

“Hey, Winston, buddy,” Will said softly. Winston slowly raised his head with a soft sound. “Let’s go for a walk, yeah? I think there was something you wanted to show me last time and I wasn’t listening.”

Winston blinked at Will.

“Well I’m all ears now.”

As soon as the lead was clipped on, Winston jumped to his feet and practically dragged Will outside. Winston beelined for the clearing that they had paused in to admire the snow all those weeks ago. Once there, he sniffed around until he came to a familiar patch of land. The snow had melted and the ground was softer now, so Winston had no trouble pawning at the dirt and digging. Down Winston went, deeper and deeper, dirt flying out behind him. He dug without pausing with single minded focus, a dog on a mission. An hour passed, then two, finally there sounded a bark and out came scampering a muddy Winston. In his mouth was clutched a bone.

“Come here, boy,” Will said and took the slobbery prize from Winston. Holding up the bone, he studied it. It was the same length and size as his forearm. Human, alright.

“Hannibal did this, didn’t he? That’s why he was out here when we were?” Will stated as fact.

Winston nodded his head.

“I think we’re going to have to have a little talk with Hannibal,” Will said softly.

Winston barked out his approval and butted Will’s hand.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, it's all about to go down

Day 13: Hannibal

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A week had passed and Hannibal had been good. No more mysterious magical presents, no more sitting in his car and observing Will and his house from a distance. He'd even left the mail unmolested. The only thing that had kept him in line was the promise of their impending Sunday date and it was finally here. They say that absence makes the heart grow fonder and that must certainly be true because Hannibal was positively starved for Will. If all went according to plan, he might even steal a kiss or at the very least touch that unruly head of hair that had become a fixed staple of his drawings. But for that, everything had to go right, starting with Will being a willing participant, dressed and ready for the occasion. That's why Hannibal made sure to send a cursory text earlier in the day, reminding Will of their impending date.

It felt rather like the messages he sent to patients to remind them of their appointments:

Good morning, Will. A reminder of our engagement at 7 o'clock this evening commencing at your house — Hannibal.

Although he'd omitted the extra part about his cancellation policy having expired. If Will dared to stand him up again, the only thing he would have to worry about expiring was himself.

To Hannibal's relief, Will's response was prompt if not a little short.

I'll be ready.

Hannibal frowned down at the message. There was nothing inherently warm about it. No greeting or other sort of pleasantry. In fact, it felt quite the opposite. If Hannibal was hard pressed to pick an adjective, he would say glacial.

He shook off the feeling. Will had mentioned in the past that he lacked certain social graces. Perhaps texting was amongst them, along with good manners and small talk? Therefore, when Hannibal pulled up to Will's house that evening, it was with no trepidation of any kind. He strolled up to the front door and stepped on plastic sheeting where the doormat once was and thought nothing of it except that Will must be in the process of renovating his house. *How quaint is that*, Hannibal mused, his aesthetics obviously having rubbed off on Will. He knocked then and saw a flurry of movement behind the looking glass, as though Will was waiting for him. *It must be eagerness*, Hannibal thought fondly. It was only when the door swung inwards and Will was balancing a loaded shot gun in one hand and the lead of a snarling Winston in the other that Hannibal finally admitted that he had miscalculated *badly.*

"Will," Hannibal said lowly. "Is this the way you treat all your house guests?"

"No, you're special," Will said, deadpan.

“Well, I’m flattered. Truly, I am. Perhaps if we could lower the gun —”

“No!” Will hissed, finger twitching on the trigger.

Hannibal tsked him as though he were a misbehaving child. “Is this truly the way you wish to start our date?”

“Date?” Will laughed hoarsely. “I’m not going anywhere with you. I know what you are, Hannibal.”

Hannibal froze at that. He knew it would come to this eventually, but he had thought he had more time.

Very slowly, Hannibal raised his hands in a non-threatening manner and said, “I know you're frightened but there’s no need to be. I would never harm you.”

“Bullshit,” Will snarled.

“Magic is not a danger to you,” Hannibal continued in his soothing voice.

Will’s face contorted. “Magic?!”

“Well, we are talking about my magical abilities, are we not?”

“Your magical abilities?” Will repeated with disbelief.

“Why, yes,” Hannibal replied seriously. “That is what you meant by knowing what I am.”

“And what are you?” Will choked out.

“A warlock.”

“Jesus! Are you crazy? Is that why you’re a serial killer?”

“A serial killer? Well, yes, I suppose I’m that too,” Hannibal admitted.

“That too?” Will repeated sarcastically. “On top of being a serial killer? Well, then we’re all screwed, aren’t we? An expert killer is one thing, but a wizard on top of that who can just magic away the bodies... How the hell are we supposed to catch you?”

“You’re not. At least, not yet.”

“What’s that even supposed to mean?” Will replied angrily.

Hannibal shushed him. “I believe it is my turn to ask a question. Quid pro quo.”

“Your turn? I’m the one with the gun, psycho,” Will hissed, jabbing the barrel into Hannibal’s chest for good measure.

“And I have your answers.” Hannibal’s gaze drifted to Will’s pocket where a small rectangular bulge was present. A recording device for certain. “I assume you need those for a

confession."

"What do you want to know?" Will gritted out.

"How did you find out?" There was a pause. "It was Winston, wasn't it? A fiendishly smart creature. He never much liked me."

"And for good reason," Will said shrilly.

"If you gave me the chance, Will. I gather you would have liked me very much."

"Well, gigs up now, isn't it? You'll go to prison and I'll continue to live my life in peace. Happy endings all around."

"Oh, Will. Where would be the fun in that?" And with his right hand, Hannibal quickly gripped the barrel of the gun and twisted it out of Will's grasp. It went flying to the far side of the room. Will made a mad dash for the weapon, spinning around with shock when Hannibal did not follow suit.

"What the fuck is that?" Will enunciated, staring at Hannibal's left hand which now clutched a stick much like a twig but thicker and with strange markings.

"My wand," Hannibal replied primly.

"My God," Will said and promptly burst into hysterical peels of laughter. "A serial killer," he hiccupped. "Comes to my house," A choked laugh. "To kill me." Another giggle. "To kill me with his *wand."* Will wiped at the tears gathering in his eyes. "His *magic* wand. I can't – I can't." And he cackled loudly. It took several moments for Will to compose himself.

"Alright, alright, do your worst," Will said breathlessly with a smile, arms flung wide open. And that was how he froze when Hannibal cast his spell. The warlock came close, admiring Will.

"How happy you look, my darling," he said softly. "I should keep you like this always. A silent and beautiful statue for me alone to relish the sight of. But I am afraid that I would miss your sharp tongue too much."

He stroked at Will's curls. They were just as soft as he thought they would be but the victory was bitter.

Hannibal leaned in close, breathing Will in. "Well, all hope is not lost. I believe we may have gotten off on the wrong foot. Nothing that cannot be remedied with a do over."

And Hannibal raised his wand. A simple chant was all it took to have him fading from Will's memories. It displeased Hannibal to have Will forget their better moments together but it would all be worth it in the end.

Hannibal turned then, facing the dog viciously barking at him. The lead was still trapped in Will's hand though Winston yanked and gnawed at it with vigour. He'd have better luck pulling free from a stone statue.

“Now, Winston. You have been unapologetically rude and caused me a great deal of trouble, including almost losing dear Will here,” Hannibal said, inclining his head towards the catatonic man. “What's to be done about that?”

Stalking towards the dog, Hannibal let the monster fill his eyes. Winston’s ears drooped down and he backed away slowly with a whimper. He turned to Will but there would be no help to be found there.

Hannibal reached towards his blazer's pocket, a devilish smirk spreading across his face...

Oh, how he had longed for this opportunity.

Chapter End Notes

Winston?

Day 21: Will/ Hannibal

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

EPILOGUE

Tap, tap, tap. Will jumped. There was a knock sounding at his front door. He had a guest. While he was sure there was a relatively normal way to go about such an occurrence, Will wasn't sure what the proper etiquette was. He could count on one hand how many people had visited him over the years. He walked up to the front door and slipped it open, peering through the crack.

"Yes?" Will said gruffly.

"Good afternoon," a man greeted politely. He was tall and dressed much too nice to be from around here in an entire three piece suit assemble that was better suited to the opera than a meander down their dusty streets. The man continued, "I appear to be in a spot of trouble and was wondering if you could help. My car broke down a couple miles down the road. May I use your phone?"

"What's wrong with yours?" Will barked.

"Dead, I'm afraid. Technology is not as reliable was we make it out to be."

"Hmm," Will grumbled. He knew of more than a few cases of home intruders starting with a similar gambit to let the man in so easily.

He whistled shrilly for Winston.

Winston came bounding over, tongue lolling. His dog had a good sense of people and their intentions. Will might have been a criminal profiler with empathy, but Winston was borderline psychic with a specialty in reading auras and Will trusted his judgement.

"What do you reckon?" Will bent down and asked his dog. "Do I let him in?"

Winston paused, head tilted to the side. His nose twitched, scenting the stranger. He squirmed closer to the door for a better look. Jumping onto the door, he started panting excitedly.

"Alright, boy!" Will laughed. Winston was a friendly dog but not usually this much, especially with strangers. He was usually very protective of Will.

Will opened the door wider. "I guess you can come in."

"Thank you," the man said, voice relaxing with something almost akin to… relief.

Will walked down the hall. "This way to the phone."

Winston keep crowding close to Hannibal, nosing at his pockets.

“Here,” Hannibal said when Will’s back was turned. He pulled out a sausage and quickly tossed it into the living room. “That’s a good mutt now.”

Winston bounded after it.

The two of them had come to an understanding. While Winston might have disapproved of Hannibal’s personal hobbies, he was less disapproving when he could eat the product of said hobbies. Hannibal didn’t like to think of it as bribery but rather negotiation.

With Winston *negotiated* with, Hannibal followed Will.

“What did you say your name was?” Will asked, fishing for details.

“Hannibal,” he replied. “Hannibal Lecter.”

“Huh,” Will paused and shivered then, a feeling of Déjà vu washing over him. “Sounds familiar. Have we met before?”

“I don’t believe we have.”

Will huffed. “Yeah, you’re right. I would remember a face like yours.”

“The sentiment is mutual.” Hannibal crept closer until he was almost infringing on Will’s personal space. Will lurched forwards suddenly as though there were invisible strings on his hips tugging him closer. They were now too close to be socially acceptable or even friendly. The air was charged.

“Lovely gloves.”

“What?” Will asked, wide eyed and more than a little flustered.

“Your gloves are lovely. The crimson colour especially so.”

“Oh,” Will looked down and seemed confused by them. “I didn’t even realize I was wearing them.”

His right gloved hand shot out and landed in Hannibal’s open palm.

Will laughed nervously. “Sorry, I don’t know what’s gotten into me.”

“It's quite alright, Will. More than,” Hannibal replied, beyond pleased. “Are you by any chance available this Friday night? I have a dinner party and I would love for you to attend.”

“Uh,” Will looked away and saw Winston, head on his paws with a beseeching look on his face. Hannibal knew then that making an ally out of the fiend had been the right course of action. With the two of them working in tandem, Will would be helpless to resist Hannibal's advances.

“I will even have beer there. Brewed myself for you alone,” Hannibal said slyly to sweeten the deal.

“Alright,” Will replied immediately. Then froze. “Wait, how did you know I liked beer?”

“Hush,” Hannibal said, raising one finger just so to tap at Will’s mouth. “All in good time, Will. All in good time.”

Chapter End Notes

The End. Thank you for reading! I know I can be a somewhat slow updater so I appreciate you all for sticking with this story :).

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!